THE
NATION

OCTOBER 25, 1958 . . 25c

MISSILES — AND CHAMPAGNE

Dan Wakefield

TOO MANY SEX LAWS

Karl M. Bowman

POLITICS OF THE AUTO SETTLEMENT

B. J. Widick

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 13

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Scientists and Diplomats

The three existing nuclear powers — the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union — are scheduled to meet in Geneva on October 31 to negotiate an agreement for an international ban on further testing of nuclear weapons. At a preliminary conference, scientists from eight nations, Soviet and anti-Soviet, unanimously agreed that the proposed prohibition could be adequately policed. This rare concurrence was hailed with worldwide applause. Whether it will lead to an actual cessation of testing seems doubtful, however, since, now that the scientists are agreed, the statesmen have already begun imposing conditions, trading recriminations and engaging in the customary mayhem of their profession.

The scientists, of course, have no monopoly of virtue any more than the diplomats are vicious through and through, yet the contrast in the behavior of the two groups is striking. Underlying it there is a difference in motivation. The scientists and engineers were concerned with solving an exceedingly difficult technical problem in a new and creative way. They succeeded, at least in theory, and found fulfillment in their success. The diplomats must grapple with a basic contradiction in their craft. Randolph Bourne pointed out that war is the health of the state, meaning that in war the state achieves a degree of unity and power which is difficult to command in time of peace. The diplomats, obsessed with national power and glory, find agreement not only difficult, but perilous. Almost instinctively, they resist the first steps toward what they fear.

The fault is neither entirely on the Russian side nor entirely on ours, but before looking for the mote in the eye of the "enemy" we are bound, in good faith, to look for the beam in our own. The headline, "Capital Suspects Atom-Test Spying by Soviet Agents," (*The New York Times*, October 10, 1958) indicates where we should look. The text of the article blames "leaks or espionage" (which are quite different things) for the surprising accuracy with which the USSR estimated the number of nuclear tests we have recently carried out. So many people are involved in an atomic test that, in the normally low security-consciousness of a democracy, anyone with normal journalistic diligence can probably find out the mere fact that a test shot has been fired. Since most tests are publicly announced, can we expect the unannounced ones to be regarded as sacred? The "leak" which gave rise to the *Times* story at such a time casts doubt on our desire to reach an agreement.

Even more dubious is the appointment of William C. Foster to head the United States delegation for the East-West talks at Geneva on preventing surprise attacks. Agreements on the atomic-test ban and on the prevention of surprise attacks are likely to stand or fall together. The surprise-attack meeting, however, is to be on the technical level, like the successful scientific meeting to devise means of detecting atomic tests. The other two members of the United States delegation are the commanding general of the Tactical Command of the United States Air Force and a professor of chemistry. They can qualify as technicians, while Mr. Foster, after a few years at M.I.T. before World War I, has devoted himself largely to business, coordination between business and government, and prosecution of the Cold War.

But there is an even more serious objection to Mr. Foster. *The Nation* commented editorially in its September 20 issue on his plan for "peace-fare" — to *double* American military expenditures. To match the United States militarily, he said, the Russians "would have to take away from their people one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have." Mr. Foster's bright idea may have no connection with the fact that he is an officer and director of Olin Mathieson, the nation's fifth-ranking chemical company, which is suffering a depression of its own and could conceivably benefit by a sharp upturn in armament expenditures. In any case, his appointment is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in the sincerity of our search for agreement.

Recognition and Non-Recognition

The ways of diplomacy are often strange to the untutored citizen, and after a lifetime of exposure to John Foster Dulles (anyway, it seems a lifetime), we may find ourselves more puzzled than ever. The United States does not recognize Communist China and, we are assured, never will recognize that iniquitous nation. Even so, for weeks on end our Ambassador has been carrying on lengthy conversations with their Ambassador, and the two, far from meeting by stealth, have been driving up to the conferential palace with the

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flags of their respective countries flying from their limousines. Probably they don't shake hands; thus recognition is avoided. Again, the Chinese Reds offer to stop firing on Quemoy if we will stop convoying the ships of our staunch though somewhat stiffnecked ally, Chiang Kai-shek, and we promptly comply. Was this recognition? Certainly not; it was they who recognized our expressed desire for a cease-fire; we were just talking aloud to ourselves. Finally, when the President at his press conference expressed his approval of the cease-fire thus adventitiously arrived at, he was recognizing only the reporter who asked the question, and this reporter was neither Chinese nor a Red. Any American to whom this is not perfectly clear should be turned in to the Committee on Un-American Activities, for by the very fact of his incomprehension (unless he can prove that he is well-meaning but stupid) he shows that he is not worthy of his citizenship.

Arkansas and Another Union

If Governor Faubus finds somewhat paltry the $18.15 sent him by South African white-collar workers (white, of course) to help him fight integration, he may take comfort in the fact that the sum is equivalent to two months' wages for three-quarters of South Africa's wage earners (the black ones, of course).

Too, if the Governor is beginning to feel lonely in his losing fight against apartheid — Arkansas variety — he might roam the corridors of the U.N. with members of the South African delegation who are apartheiding themselves these days from two committees, where such embarrassing questions as Negro ghettos, exploitation of natives and white land-grabbing in the Union are under discussion. He might find them glum companions, though, because for the first time in ten years of sporadic committee-bolting, their moral blackmail is not paying off. Even the Union's traditional seat-warmers, the United States and the United Kingdom, are beginning to squirm under their colleagues' scathing condemnation of Union racial policies.

The fellow racists could pluck at the thorns in each other's side. The Martin Luther King of the Union is a white, Anglican minister, the Reverend Michael Scott, who has proved to be a nuisance ever since the U.N. granted his petition to be heard in behalf of thousands of apartheided Africans. The Governor and his companions in distress could discuss states' rights, too, and their mutual troubles with higher courts of justice. According to the Reverend Scott, the inhabitants of the Mandated Territory of Southwest Africa would like to leave the aegis of the Union while they still have some land left, and yield themselves to a U.N. trusteeship. Since South Africa is loath to give up this rich source of semi-slave labor, some interloping U.N. members may ask the International Court of Justice to decide whether Pretoria has been guilty of violating the U.N. Charter. Then the Union would be forced to bolt the U.N. again — before it was thrown out.

Perhaps the racists here and in South Africa should get together just to exchange such pleasantries as "How would you like your daughter to marry a Kaffir?"

At the Starting Gate

On the theory that it is news when Midas goes broke, the recent shrill complaints by Republican Party leaders of a shortage in campaign funds is an item of curiosity and interest. No less an authority than the business and financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* informs us that "business has either deliberately deserted the Republican Party and its candidates, particularly its Senatorial and Congressional candidates, or else it is letting it suffer from mountainous apathy, inspired indifference." In three articles dramatically captioned "The Shameful Apathy," Mr. Rogers sets forth his reasons for the drought in funds: disenchantment with the President and his Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell; annoyance with the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice; and a feeling that trade and industrial associations make a sharper partisan presentation of "the businessman's cause" than the Republican Party under President Eisenhower.

Other reasons come to mind. Too many right-wing donors have been attracted by the possibility of making tax-deductible contributions to organizations such as Edward A. Rumely's Committee for Constitutional Government, which has been sponsoring full-page ads headed "Will You Let Reuther Get Away With It?" The Republicans have also neglected organizational activities in the long months between elections; to be milked successfully, donors must be cultivated. And, in the case of New York, the thought of chipping in to help a Rockefeller must strike most Republicans as about as funny as the thought of contributing to the elect-Harriman fund must strike most Democrats.

But isn't there a simple, basic explanation for the drying-up of those once-gushing Republican money wells? Looking westward to California, in a key contest, the Republican donor observes that Governor Knight is vigorously campaigning, not against his Democratic opponent for the Senate, but against his fellow Republican, Senator Knowland. Looking eastward to New York, another key state, the prospective donor observes that Mr. Rockefeller is avoiding Vice President Nixon as though in fear of some vile and dreadful contamination. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that erstwhile donors should have reached the quite sensible conclusion that this is not a particularly good year to invest in Republican nominees. But it is unfair of Mr. Rogers to accuse them of desertion or apathy. Normally they would bet on the horse that is carrying their

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colors, albeit a bit faded; they are loyal to the stable and there is nothing apathetic about the way their binoculars are glued to the course. The truth is that they are simply reluctant to bet on a crippled nag which has not done well in the trial heats and now is acting most erratically in the starting gate. Their reluctance to bet may not be sporting, but it can't be chalked up as desertion or apathy.

Titcomb of Albany

Earlier this month a man of twenty-nine died in Albany after being attacked with tear gas by state troopers who wished to evict him from his house. This citizen was clearly wrong in refusing to surrender his house when so ordered. The State of New York required his property for a new highway. But it is difficult, also, not to sympathize with a man who defends his home against the bulldozers. A man is no more a match for a bulldozer than he is for a windmill, but the very inequality of the combat is what makes it symbolically effective. We do not suggest that roads are anything but a public benefit, we do not even whisper that there could be too many of them. But perhaps we should decide (and soon, for the bulldozer has discovered parthogenesis) whether man has any needs that run counter to his appetite for driving at sixty miles an hour from horizon to horizon. You need a symbol for such an inquiry: we suggest the figure of the late Marvin Titcomb of Albany.

For Members Only

In the article on repressive sex laws which appears on page 286 of this issue, Dr. Karl M. Bowman remarks that the long-standing taboos on public discussion of sex problems are "beginning" to break down. The word seems to have been chosen with uncanny accuracy, for if the Kinsey studies stand as the symbol of a new freedom, what happened to Dr. Bowman himself proves that the freedom still has narrow limits. The article in this issue is based on a talk which Dr. Bowman delivered at one of the regular Friday luncheon meetings of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. The club, be it noted, invited the speaker and selected the topic. Following the luncheon, Dr. Bowman proceeded to Station KLX in nearby Oakland, where a club official interviewed him for fifteen minutes on the highlights of his talk. The interview was taped for broadcasting the following Sunday, and releases on it were sent to fourteen other radio stations. All of this was in accordance with normal procedure long since adopted by the club, which prides itself on tackling controversial subjects and is anxious to share its information with the public.

But Dr. Bowman listened in vain for the scheduled Sunday broadcast. Inquiry revealed that the club had decided that the talk was "questionable" radio material and had sent a wire to all broadcasting stations normally carrying its program: "In view varying individual policies, suggest check tape Dr. Bowman Commonwealth Club 'Repressive Sex Laws.'" Result: so far as is known, only one of the fifteen stations has used the tape. Now KPFA of Berkeley, California, has asked for a release; so far the club has refused.

All other questions aside, the club's attitude is an affront to common sense. Dr. Bowman's subject was the law, and if people cannot be informed about the issues involved, and discuss them publicly, what kind of democracy do we have? Apparently it is the Commonwealth Club's thesis that the only place to discuss laws regarding sex is over chicken à la king on Fridays at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

Carmine's Many Faces

Carmine DeSapio is a man of many roles and faces — grand shaman of Tammany Hall, New York's Secretary of State — but whatever his role of the moment he is always the adept vote-counter. When it became apparent that the Democrats had to make their peace with Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to prevent a possible defection of Negro votes to Nelson Rockefeller, DeSapio the Tough Political Operator became DeSapio the Gentle Mediator with the ease and swiftness of a chameleon. In a jiffy, the troublesome Powell was welcomed back to the Democratic Party from which, in a more confident mood, DeSapio had recently purged him as disloyal and a bad influence on civic morals; indeed, the Congressman was upgraded and given new responsibilities, with some nice patronage thrown in for good measure and to guarantee future good behavior. Then, slipping into his role as Secretary of State, DeSapio proceeded to disqualify the petition of the United Independent Socialist Party, which is seeking a place on the ballot, because twenty-three of 27,000 signatures were found to be irregular on ingeniously technical grounds. For example, fifteen signatures were ruled "incomplete" because the signers did not list a full street number, although the registry books at the county seat did not include such information and merely carried the name of the village in which the voter resided. DeSapio is eager to keep the new party, which has nominated John T. McManus for Governor and Corliss Lamont for United States Senate, off the ballot because many of its supporters are potential Democratic voters if the new party is disqualified. The issue is being tested in the courts and DeSapio's capricious ruling may be set aside. Should it be upheld, however, the followers of the United Independent Socialist Party can anticipate a welcome back to the Democratic Party as warm as that given the recusant Powell. Where Democratic votes are to be counted, DeSapio is not the man to cherish a grudge.

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MISSILES AND CHAMPAGNE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Dallas, Texas

IN THE tranquil dusk of early autumn, several thousand citizens stood around the trim green lawn of the Civic Auditorium here while the Texas Air National Guard band played sometimes martial, sometimes lilting, music that added to the festive atmosphere. Ladies stood regally in the still heat beneath heavy fur stoles and chatted pleasantly with handsome, gray-templed men. A young girl remarked to a friend that she had been to the fashion show that afternoon and had never seen such ghastly things in all her life. The band played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and then a lone gentleman ascended the red, white and blue draped platform and all eyes turned toward him as the music stopped and his voice came over the public-address system in friendly tones of greeting to the audience:

"Welcome to the first public unveiling of the first Intercontinental Ballistics Missile of the Free World. Dallas can be proud tonight; all Texas can be proud. . . ."

The speaker, Peter J. Schenk, president of the Air Force Association, explained that indeed the whole Southwest was honored on this occasion, not only because Dallas had been chosen as the site of the Air Force Association annual convention, but especially because the affair was to be marked that evening by the unveiling of the Atlas missile. It was appropriate that this historic event was to take place in Dallas, Mr. Schenk said, because this was an air-minded city; and, as further reason for local pride, there were more Air Force bases in Texas than in any other state in the union.

The next event on the program, Mr. Schenk said, would be a performance by the Lackland Air Force Base Drum and Bugle Corps. The audience applauded.

A gentleman turned to a lady beside him and asked, "Do you know what today is?"

"The 25th of September," she said.

"Three months till Christmas," he said.

A gentleman in a black flannel suit placed a cigarette in his mouth and pulled out a match-folder inscribed with the message: "Barefoot Sanders for Congress." A dark-haired, nineteen-year-old girl in a dress of white satin and a mink stole was identified by someone as the local young lady who had been chosen by the Air Force Association convention as "Miss Space." Over the music of the Drum and Bugle Corps came a roar which soon was identified as a "flyover" of "three Tactical Air Command F-101 Voodoo supersonic fighters" just arrived from Bermuda on a record-breaking, non-stop, non-refueling flight known as "Operation Long Leap." Their arrival signalled the coming of the special motorcade of Cadillacs which brought to the outdoor platform the "group of men who are responsible for developing the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile." The Texas Air National Guard Band finished playing "Our Team Will Shine Tonight," and amidst the resounding slams of Cadillac doors, a dozen or so men, some of them in uniform, some in civilian suits, climbed the bunting-draped platform. The men in civilian clothes were identified as members of "the Industrial Team" which had worked with the Air Force in developing the Atlas.

J. V. NASH, of the Industrial Team, explained that twelve years ago, a group of men in the Air Force "dreamed a great dream — a missile capable of going to distant parts of the earth. They coined the word 'atlas'. . . ." At the same time, Mr. Nash said, a group of men at North American Aircraft Corporation were "dreaming bold dreams of a missile power plant." Fortunately, these two groups "joined together to dream this bold dream." Today, Mr. Nash said, we stand here "a little nostalgically and look with pleasure at their dream that came true."

The eyes of the audience turned toward the slim, eighty-two-foot object which towered above the Civic Auditorium. There, encased in folds of royal blue taffeta, stood the Atlas. Those in the audience who had read the local evening paper knew that it had been brought to this spot from Los Angeles by the combined efforts of the Belyea Truck Company and the F. S. Oldt Company, at a cost of $75,000 to the United States Air Force. They knew, further, according to the paper's report, that ". . . As an Air Force spokesman pointed out, it is worth the expense. 'From Dallas, the whole world will learn more about the ICBM,' he said."

The historic placement of the Atlas on its base outside the Civic Auditorium, the report went on to say, was engineered by a crane which was operated by J. E. Brockway of 1531 Whispering Trail Street, Dallas.

TO PULL the lanyards which would unveil the missile, Mr. Schenk said that there was on hand a captain and a master sergeant from the Strategic Air Command. The lanyards were pulled, assisted by General Thomas White, Chief of Staff of the SAC, who said that the achievement before us was the result of thinking co-ordinated "under our free institutions." The taffeta slipped and fell, caught on the silver nose of the missile, and then, with extra tugs, came down to reveal the full form of the Atlas to the applause of the audience. Those in the crowd with complimentary tickets then proceeded inside the auditorium to the champagne reception of the Air Power Panorama, staged by the Air Force Association with the help of its Air Force and industrial members.

Negro waiters in white coats bore trays of pink champagne to the hundreds of guests of the Panorama opening. At the Bell System booth, an attractive, blond young lady explained, with pointer and map, in a slow, Dallas drawl, that the Bell Telephone Company had constructed a whole system of emergency circuits which would route calls around "disaster areas" in case of atomic attack on the United States.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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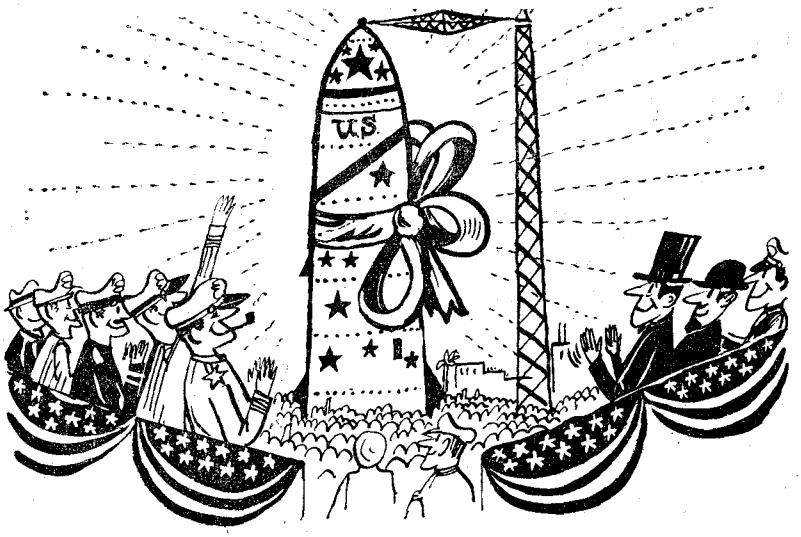
"Suppose," the young lady pleasantly conjectured, "a city is destroyed — let's say by nuclear attack. . . . These green lines on the map are by-pass routes which can get information and calls through even if the city it ordinarily passes through is entirely destroyed. . . . Nearly a million telephone workers stand ready to get your message through despite any emergency."

At the G. B. Wiggins Oil and Tool Co., Inc., booth, sponsored by the company which makes "Wig-O-Flex" wire connections for missiles, a group of guests had gathered for the "launching" of a model cardboard missile from a special model launching pad. A recorded voice announced the count-down, and then a blast was heard, and the cardboard missile shot into the air and landed on the floor beside one of the ladies who was sipping from her glass of pink champagne. A general cry of delight went up, and one of the ladies commented: "How cute!"

OVER AT THE Small Business Administration Booth (just a bit east of the Thor Missile Booth), a pamphlet entitled "ABC of Selling to U.S. Government" was being distributed. This was only appropriate, since the Air Force Association, "an Independent Non-Profit Airpower Organization," is composed not only of some 60,000 active and former members of the Air Force, but also of more than 300 companies ("partners in airpower") who contribute a minimum annual membership fee of "$375 for first unit, $250 for each additional unit" — fees which, added to the $6 yearly personal member dues, probably amount to a very minimal minimum of $200,000 a year. This money goes to pay for the organization's fulfillment of its aim to supply "an alert and experienced full-time staff [which] represents your interests in Washington — keeps you informed, plugs your ideas and needs as a member, works for sound policies, sound planning, at every level in air affairs."

The convention itself, addressed by leaders of the Air Force and of industry, was made fully aware of the urgency of "plugging" the Air Force for greater funds and attention, in view of the forthcoming Third World War. This war, which will be fought with nuclear weapons, was one of the main topics of discussion throughout the proceedings. The actual date of the outbreak of hostilities was not announced, although there were those who urged that the time be "strategically" postponed. In the words of Lt. Gen. Clarence R. Huebner, Director of Civilian Defense for the State of New York, who outlined the evacuation plans for New York City: ". . . We think this plan gives people greater confidence in our ability to win the next war. But we need time to develop these things — tactical time through warning systems, but strategic time in holding off the war until we're ready, by the work of the President and the Secretary of State."



General Huebner explained, with the aid of maps and slides, that in this year's simulated nuclear attack on New York, an estimated twelve million out of a total of seventeen million people in the target areas of the state died from radiation, and a million more died within thirty days. "We get quite concerned about radiation," General Huebner said. However, the General stated that if the newest Civil Defense plans are carried out fully in New York State in a nuclear attack, "We don't all need to die — we have a better chance of surviving than any other people in the world if we just put our minds to it." General Huebner showed on his slides the six-point program of New York Civil Defense, from Point One, "Detection Warning," to Point Six, "Recovery After Attack." He flashed on the screen the outline for Point Four, which was as follows:

IV. Use of warning time for evasive movement
  a. Duck and Cover
  b. Take Cover
  c. Go Home
  d. Evacuation

Unfortunately, it is impossible to present here in detail the full scope of General Huebner's plans, but he ended his talk by saying that "I hope you will take heart with what I have just told you." The audience applauded warmly. Maj. Gen. John P. Henebry of the Air Force Reserve, serving as master of ceremonies, then thanked the speaker for "throwing light on this serious subject."

Dr. Richard C. Raymond, manager of the Technical Military Planning Operation of General Electric Company, Santa Barbara, California, was the next speaker. Dr. Raymond pointed out that there was no limit to what we should do in preparing for defense, but that there was a limit to the practicality of preparing for *offense*. "When you have planned to kill every Russian once there's no sense in killing him twice," he said. "The idea of dropping 100,000 megatons on Russia, for instance, seems to me unrealistic." The speaker went on to offer a suggestion which had relevance both to the recession and to the defense of the nation in World War III. He suggested that all unemployed workers be put to work digging slit trenches for use as shelters during nuclear attack.

The Hon. Dudley C. Sharp, As-

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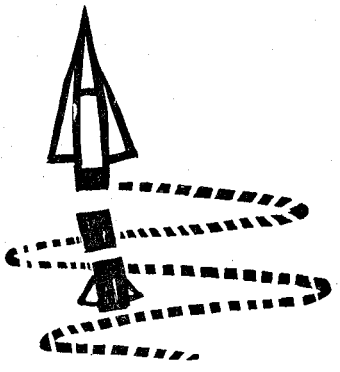
sistant Secretary of the Air Force (in charge of materiel) spoke to the Dallas Rotary Club during the convention on other practical business aspects of the Air Force and its preparations. Secretary Sharp pointed out that, "When a commander takes his B-52 off the ground, he becomes in effect the vice president in charge of about eight million dollars worth of property. What percent of the business houses and merchants in Dallas have a greater inventory to deal with?"

The social highlight of the convention was the Friday night party entitled "The Western Wing-Ding." The AFA explained to those attending the convention:

"We have one little problem we would like to explain and solicit your understanding. Several months ago, we thought it would be most appropriate to give every convention registrant Western outfits. After studying the situation further, it became apparent that this would be a task that even a Texan would not want to tackle. We finally were able to arrange for a Western hat for each person who registered before the deadline given us by the hat manufacturers. . . . We are sorry that we could not arrange hats for everyone. So that no one will go bareheaded, we have arranged to have hats on sale for $3 each in the drug store at the Statler Hilton and in the check room at the Adolphus Hotel. . . . P.S.: Regarding Western hats — a number of registrants failed to list a hat size. We had to assume that these persons did not desire hats and therefore none were arranged for them."



THE convention was opened by a reading of the Air Force Association official invocation, led by Father Mulalley and recited, as suggested in the program, by the entire assembly:

"Lord, God of Hosts and Father of us all, be with us as we are about to open our national convention. Take out of our hearts all selfishness. May our constant motivation be the ideals and principles expressed in the Preamble of our constitution—Peace through Airpower. Lord, God of Hosts and Father of us all, may all our deliberations and all our decisions at this convention be in accord with thy Holy will and merit thy continual blessing. Amen."

Let us pray.

TOO MANY SEX LAWS . . *by Karl M. Bowman*

ANCIENT HEBREW law made sodomy a capital offense. The Mosaic law, according to Goldin, included only thirty-six capital crimes; half of them involved illegal sex relations. Three of these described unnatural sex relations: (1) between man and animal; (2) between woman and animal; and (3) between one man and another.

The Christian religion largely took over the Jewish laws concerning sexual behavior. Sodomy came to be the crime *"peccatum illud horribile inter Christianos"* — that abominable sin, not fit to be named among Christians. The medieval ecclesiastic courts made it a serious crime, even when committed in secret. According to early English authorities, the guilty person was to be burnt or to be buried alive. By the time of Richard I, it was the practice to hang a man or to drown a woman guilty of sodomy. With the separation of church and state, the law was changed several times; once the penalty was even decreased. But in 1562-63 the original law was made perpetual and was not touched again until 1861, when a Victorian statute reduced the penalty to life imprisonment. American colonial laws inherited the early English enactments or English common law.

We thus find that our laws regarding sexual behavior have been largely inherited from, and mainly based on, the ancient Jewish code of over two thousand years ago. It would seem time, therefore, to reevaluate our thinking, as well as our laws. In this connection, some questions are in order. First, what is "normal" and what is "abnormal" sexual behavior? In Moslem countries, a man may legally have four wives at the same time; in the United States, he may have four or forty different wives, but only one at a time. In many countries, homosexual acts carried out in private by two willing adults are not crimes. In fact, in some European countries (for example, France under the Code Napoleon), any sexual act carried out by two consenting adults which does not result in physical harm and does not offend public decency is not considered a crime. In contrast, our laws in the United States are highly restrictive. A great many types of sexual behavior are regarded here not only as immoral, but as illegal and punishable by law. It is of interest to note that some of the most highly praised books on marriage-counseling advocate sexual practices (when desired by both partners) which are felonies in most American states.

In other words, we have a situation in which leaders in science, medicine and religion advise that

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married couples should, if they wish, commit felonies.

Scientific observations show that many of the higher mammals indulge in various sexual practices such as masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus and sodomy. To many investigators of human behavior, it seems that man inherits from his mammalian ancestry some or all of these tendencies; indeed, we all have various antisocial and undesirable impulses, not only along sexual lines, but also toward murder, assault, theft, and so on. Many great writers have expressed this idea one way or another. Goethe once said that he felt he had within himself the capacity for committing every conceivable crime.

Society recognizes the universality of these undesirable impulses and passes laws against the carrying out of some of them. Religion labels some as sins. As for the sexual impulses, it has been said that biologically there is no such thing as sexual perversion, that all perversions are culturally determined. Likewise, the society in which one lives decides what sort of sexual behavior may be practiced and what type is forbidden by law. The forbidden practices are commonly referred to as "perversions."

WE ARE beginning to see a breakdown of the long-standing taboo on public discussion of sex, and at the present time there is a revival of interest in the problem of sex legislation. Many persons and groups desire to modify the laws in the direction of greater leniency; on the other hand, some groups seek to restrict sexual behavior even more. Where we have honest differences of opinion about the propriety of certain types of sexual behavior, it would seem that we ought to rely on education, family training and the influence of society generally (including religious organizations), as a means of dealing with the problem, rather than on the passage of new laws.

The clearest current example of an honest difference of opinion is with regard to birth control and the dissemination of knowledge about contraception. At the recent Lambeth Conference in England, it was agreed that sexual intercourse in marriage is a normal expression of love and affection and should be indulged in freely without necessarily leading to pregnancy. At the other extreme on the same subject are statutes, effective in two American states, which forbid a doctor to give advice regarding contraception to a married woman even if he thinks pregnancy might lead to her death. This is, perhaps, an extreme example of how the law may seek to intervene in sexual behavior, even that of married couples.

NUMEROUS countries and several states of the United States have tried to modify certain sex laws, particularly those against homosexuality, with varied results. A few years ago, New York reduced ordinary homosexual acts from a felony to a misdemeanor. At the same time, California raised the penalty from a maximum of ten years to a maximum of twenty years, later fixing a minimum of one year and a maximum of life imprisonment for anyone "guilty of the infamous crime against nature, committed with mankind or with any animal." Again we see the two forces at work; one to decrease the penalties, one to increase them.

Perhaps it might be well to define homosexuality and homosexual acts. According to the dictionary, homosexuality is a sexual propensity for persons of one's own sex. The recent Wolfenden Report (British) of the Committee on Homosexual Offenses and Prostitution insists that the mere presence of such a propensity is not a homosexual offense and cannot be legally punished. Legally, no state in the United States specifies homosexuality or homosexual behavior as a crime by that name. But I would point out that the federal government has taken a somewhat different attitude; in the armed forces, not only homosexual acts but even homosexual tendencies may lead to an "undesirable," or "blue," discharge. Such a discharge bars the holder from all Veterans Administration benefits, including compensation or pension. It may also prevent him from getting a job.

A recent directive issued by one branch of the armed services stated that although homosexuals are security risks as well as moral risks, and their presence reflects unfavorably on the service, their cases must be disposed of justly. Two points must be decided in the individual case: Is the "homosexual" label justified, i.e., *is* the individual a homosexual, whether or not he has committed a perverse act? If so, what type of discharge is suitable?

In other words, we find that a psychiatric diagnosis of *latent* homosexuality may conceivably result in a type of "undesirable" discharge. Since, as I have pointed out, some degree of homosexual impulse is present in practically everyone, it would be fairly easy to label a large percentage of our population as latent homosexuals and then proceed to discriminate against them.

Homosexuals are often classified as latent or overt. It seems extremely far-fetched to speak of an individual as an "overt homosexual" who has had a few homosexual experiences in childhood or adolescence, particularly if as an adult he is leading a completely heterosexual life. Yet it has been reported that individuals with this kind of history have been discharged from federal service.

The latent homosexual can be divided into two subgroups. The first consists of those who consciously desire homosexual relationships, but who carefully control these impulses in the same way that others control their heterosexual desires — for example, young women with normal heterosexual drives who nevertheless maintain their virginity. The second group consists of those who have no conscious interest in homosexual relations and even react with disgust to the idea. However, strong homosexual drives are present at the unconscious level, and their behavior is often motivated by these drives, which emerge in disguised fashion. It seems probable that the tremendous degree of emotion which the subject often arouses in some people is due largely to the stirring up of their own repressed or latent homosexual impulses.

It is clear, then, that the term "homosexuality" does not describe a simple homogeneous group, but in-

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cludes several groups which differ from each other in many ways.

From a legal standpoint, I would agree with the Wolfenden Report, which argues that laws and regulations regarding sexual behavior should accept the fact that homosexuality *per se* is not an offense. I also feel that legal procedures should be invoked only against persons who have actually committed homosexual acts.

THERE IS much controversy over what causes homosexuality, and I will not attempt to settle the matter here. I would point to a study by Kallmann on identical twins which indicates homosexuality as an inherited tendency. Various endocrinological studies show, at least in some cases, definite physical causes. There are many psychological theories. Freud, for example, considered that homosexual impulses are part of the normal state in the evolution of the sexual instinct through which everyone passes. In a letter to an American mother who asked about treatment for her son, Freud wrote:

> Dear Mrs. .....
>
> I gather from your letter that your son is a homosexual. I am most impressed by the fact that you do not mention this term yourself in your information about him. May I question you, why you avoid it? Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage; but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness; we consider it to be a variation of the sexual function produced by a certain arrest of sexual development. Many highly respectable individuals of ancient and modern times have been homosexuals, several of the greatest men among them. (Plato, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, etc.) It is a great injustice to persecute homosexuality as a crime, and a cruelty, too. If you do not believe me, read the books of Havelock Ellis. . . .
>
> Sincerely yours with kind wishes
> Freud

Under Freud's theory, everyone would be classified as having latent or repressed homosexual impulses. Other students of the subject emphasize the conditioning experience of early life, the relationship of the child to the parents, the way in which he may have been initiated into sexual practices, and many other factors. Homosexuality may arise from a multiplicity of causes rather than from a single cause. There is evidence, moreover, that certain aspects of our culture may tend to drive individuals away from heterosexuality and into homosexuality.

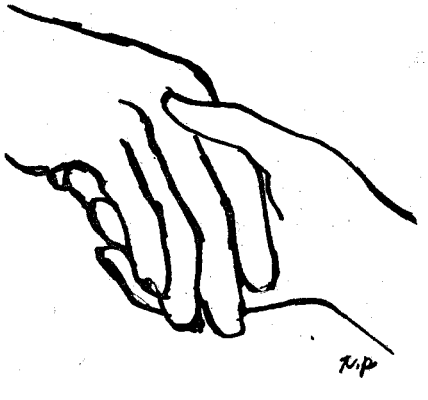
SOCIETY has the right to protect itself against behavior — including sexual behavior — which it feels is a crime against the "peace and dignity of the state." The question is: Where should we draw the line and when should the state pass laws regulating sexual behavior? Society should be and is most concerned about two things: sex crimes of violence and sex crimes against small children. I think there is universal agreement that laws with strong penalties should be kept for these two offenses. I do not believe that anyone advocates any diminution of severe penalties for these two crimes.

The most controversial point is the problem of overt homosexuality. Regarding this, a number of medical and legal societies and some religious organizations in Great Britain and the United States have advocated less repressive laws. The report of a council representing the Church of England, the British Government paper comonly known as the Wolfenden Report, and the recommendations of the British Medical Society all advocate that homosexual practices between two willing adults, carried out in private, should not be considered a criminal offense.

In our own country, the American Law Institute (in May, 1955) after considerable argument, voted 35 to 24 to recommend that sodomy between consenting adults "be removed from the list of crimes against the peace and dignity of the state." In the final debate, Judge John J. Parker opposed any change in present law on the ground that many things are "denounced by the Criminal Code in order that society may know that the state disapproves." But Judge Learned Hand, speaking for revision, stated that criminal law which is unenforced is worse than no law at all. He declared that, after previously voting the other way, he had decided that sodomy is "a matter of morals, a matter very largely of taste," and not something for which people should be put in prison. Many members of the medical profession share this attitude.

I would therefore advocate that we should probably follow the Code Napoleon not only in the matter of homosexual acts, but as to other sexual acts of a heterosexual nature. I do not believe that bestiality, for example, should carry a possible maximum penalty of life imprisonment, as provided by the California statute. I would also advocate that the state has no right and should not seek to regulate the sexual behavior of married couples. Sending a married couple to prison because they were accidentally seen to be carrying out a so-called "perverse act," and placing their children in foster homes, seems to me an unwarranted interference on the part of the state. Nor has the state any right, in my opinion, to interfere with the use of birth control by married couples, or with the practice of medicine by physicians. Is it reasonable for a state to forbid a doctor to advise a married woman about the practice of birth control when pregnancy might endanger her life? Here I would like to quote from the Lambeth Conference Report:

> Sexual intercourse is not by any means the only language of earthly love but it is, in its full and right use, the most intimate and the most revealing. . . . It is a giving and receiving in the unity of two free spirits which is itself good (within the marriage bond) and mediates good to those who share it. Therefore it is utterly wrong to urge that, unless children are specifically desired, sex-



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ual intercourse is of the nature of sin.

The report of a council of the Church of England, drawn up several years ago and not for general publication, recognized the fact that although homosexual acts are a sin in the eyes of the church, they are not necessarily crimes punishable by the state. In England, fornication and adultery are sins, but are not crimes, although they may well have much graver social consequences than homosexual practices. It is therefore unjust that consenting homosexual men can be sent to prison under a criminal law that ignores both heterosexual sins and female homosexual acts. The present law, instead of protecting the young and preserving public decency, offers a chance for blackmail and may indirectly cause suicides. It also helps the homosexual, by giving him a just grievance, to ignore the moral implications of his act. For these reasons the council urged an investigation into all possible revisions of the law.

We have in the United States a considerable number of persons who want to regulate by law the behavior and even the thinking of others. I agree with Thomas Jefferson: "That government is best which governs least." The idea that the state should increasingly regulate human behavior and human thought is to me a departure from the whole theory of democracy. I believe that a liberalization of sex laws is desirable. Such a course is backed by some of the greatest authorities in the world.

THE ENTANGLING MR. CHIANG . . *by Alexander DeConde*

THE PRESENT crisis over Quemoy and Matsu has confused and divided American opinion on foreign policy as it has not been since Dwight D. Eisenhower moved into the White House. Many Americans are asking themselves if their Government's entanglement with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese regime on Formosa (Taiwan) will lead to the nuclear war all of us dread. Some of us recall that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles on December 3, 1954, signed a formal treaty or mutual-security pact — in old-fashioned words, an alliance — with Nationalist China. Some of us may be asking ourselves: Was this departure from the traditional principle of avoiding entangling alliances, a foreign-policy principle that served us well for a century and a half, really necessary?

Events and the nature of the alliance itself seem to show that the Formosa treaty *is* an unnecessary entanglement, and that it lies at the root of part of our present dilemma. The classic advice in George Washington's often misunderstood Farewell Address of September, 1796, is still valid; Washington, it must be remembered, warned against *permanent* alliances, though he saw nothing wrong with alliances designed to achieve specific objectives in line with our national self-interest.

Washington's suggestion was provoked by his unpleasant experience with the French Alliance of 1778, which achieved the two basic objectives of the signatories: it contributed to England's defeat in war and helped this country win its independence. But after U.S. independence was achieved, the alliance — which pledged both countries to defend each other's territory "forever" — became an obnoxious burden to the new nation. It threatened to drag the American people into a war against England that could benefit only France and created dissension and political turmoil among American partisans of England and France. Moreover, it promised no compensating advantages.

So President Washington and his successor, John Adams, tried to obtain a release. When France refused, they risked war with her rather than cling to an alliance that, in their view, was harmful to their country. Finally, France agreed to give up the treaty — for a price which the United States willingly paid. In retrospect, the price seems low. This country agreed to abandon claims of American citizens, amounting to about $20,000,000, against France for the destruction of ships and other properties in the wars of the French Revolution. President John Adams thus sacrificed the interests of the few for the welfare of the many.

This unpleasant experience made such a lasting impression on Americans that the United States did not sign another alliance for a hundred and sixty-nine years. During this period, taking Washington's advice with great literalness, we completely avoided "entangling alliances" — the phrase was first used by Thomas Jefferson — of any kind. So strongly was this principle entrenched that President Wilson brought the United States into World War I not as an "ally" but as an "associated power."

IT WAS only after World War II that the United States, faced with the growing and aggressive power of Soviet Russia, discarded the principle. We have since created a complicated, world-wide network of alliances embracing forty-eight nations. We are tied to multilateral pacts in the Western Hemisphere through the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro of 1947. We launched the North Atlantic Treaty of 1949 for the defense of Western Europe. In 1951, we signed the Anzus Pact with New Zealand and Australia, and in 1954 we committed ourselves to the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty (SEATO) with Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand and Great Britain. We have also made bilateral treaties

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with Japan, South Korea and the Philippines, as well as with Nationalist China. Indirectly, we are also connected with the Baghdad Pact of 1954, uniting Iraq with Great Britain, Turkey and Pakistan.

The main objective of this system of alliances is to confront the Russians, and also the Chinese Communists, with a solid alignment of power that will dissuade them from aggression. Some of the treaties serve the main objective of the United States; some reflect a common purpose of the signatories and bring strength to the individual members, thus meeting the basic test of a good alliance. But other of our treaties do not meet this test.

By definition, all alliances "entangle." To have value to its signatories, to survive stresses and strains, an alliance must be based on mutual interests. Paper bonds alone do not tie effectively. An alliance will prove reliable only as long as all the signatories continue to fear the contingency, or party, against which it was originally directed. There must be, moreover, reasonable assurance that, acting together, the signatories are capable of meeting the contingency. Above all, an alliance should serve the interests of *all* parties, and not merely the interests of one to the detriment of the others.

SOME OF OUR alliances do not meet these conditions. At the present time, the agreement of 1954 with Chiang Kai-shek meets none of them. From the beginning, in fact, it brought us no advantage and was a dubious entanglement. The alliance grew out of one of Secretary Dulles' famous "brinks"; i.e., one of his attempts to preserve peace by risking war. Late in 1955, the Chinese Communists began shelling Quemoy, threatening then — as now — to invade it.

The bombardment was so intense that Dulles, on his way home from the Philippines, stopped off at Taipei, Formosa's capital. In the talks that followed, Chiang insisted that he needed an alliance with the United States. Dulles pointed out that Chiang already had the protection of the Seventh Fleet, a protection more potent than any alliance. But

Minneapolis Tribune

"So Sorry!"

Chiang insisted, and Dulles then opened negotiations.

One of the main difficulties in the negotiations stemmed from Chiang's avowed objective of reconquering the Chinese mainland. The United States did not wish to commit itself to a war, in which it would do most of the fighting, solely to serve Chiang's interests. At the same time, we did not want to deny Chiang's claim to the mainland, for to do so would be to admit that the Communists were China's true masters and hence the logical incumbents of Chiang's seat both in the Assembly and in the Security Council of the U.N. This is something the United States has consistently refused to allow to happen.

The Mutual Defense Treaty with Formosa, therefore, did not mention the extent of Chiang's dominion. Theoretically, it kept him from starting a war of reconquest, inasmuch as a clause stated that neither his Government, nor the United States, could act under the treaty without mutual consultation. The operative part of the text reads:

"Each party recognizes that an armed attack in the West Pacific Area directed against the territories of either of the Parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes."

Dulles and Chiang had agreed that this pledge included the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. Subsequently, however, the President insisted that the treaty must *not* commit us to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Dulles then persuaded Chiang to accept the omission, and the final text is specific: "The terms 'territorial' and 'territories' shall mean in respect of the Republic of China, Taiwan and the Pescadores."

However, according to Dulles' biographer — the only published source for this information — the American commitment to Chiang was much more extensive than the text indicates. The President, the biographer wrote, sent Chiang a personal letter satisfying the Generalissimo that the United States would help defend Quemoy and Matsu against Communist attacks.

PREMIER Chou En-lai called the Formosa alliance "a grave warlike provocation" against Communist China and kept up their shelling. Dulles then persuaded the President to take a dramatic step to gain public support for the new Formosa policy. The Secretary wanted Chou En-lai to know that war, supported by the American people, would follow if the Communists attempted to take Chiang's islands.

So Eisenhower and Dulles sought and obtained from Congress clear authority — actually, a blank check — to deal with any emergency that might arise in Formosa Strait. A joint Congressional resolution authorized the President to use U.S. armed forces for the specific purpose of "securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores" and "such related positions and territories of that area now in friendly hands" against armed attack, and to take such measures as he judges to be "required or appropriate in assuring the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores."

The House approved the Formosa Resolution on January 25, 1955, by a vote of 409 to 3, and the Senate on January 28 by a vote of 85 to 3. What debate there was — as Senator Morse pointed out recently in these columns [see *The Nation*, issue of September 20]—centered on the question of whether or not the President considered Quemoy and

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Matsu "related positions." To allay fears that Chiang Kai-shek or some excited American military officer might "pull the trigger" of war in defense of the two islands, the President announced that he alone would decide on when and how to use the authority Congress had voted him.

Dulles' supporters have maintained that the alliance and the Congressional Resolution, ambiguously phrased as they are on the question of the offshore islands, constituted a diplomatic triumph. These supporters have argued that by bringing us to the "brink" of war, Dulles kept the Communists guessing as to our intentions and forced them to let up on their pressure against Quemoy and Matsu. For a time, this argument appeared reasonably sound; the question of the offshore islands lay dormant for almost four years.

But then suddenly, last August, the Chinese Communists renewed their shelling of Quemoy and the question burst into the headlines again. This time the Eisenhower Administration said that it would repel any Communist attack and announced that the protection of Quemoy and Matsu had become "increasingly related to the defense of Taiwan." Premier Khrushchev then warned that he would support his Chinese ally if the United States became involved in any attack on the Chinese mainland.

Many Americans became alarmed; this diplomatic duel over the offshore islands appeared to be the most dangerous "brink" since the Korean War. Why, many asked, should we risk a nuclear war over some indefensible islands? Chiang, Administration critics point out, is a dangerous liability. He purposely committed a third of his armed forces to vulnerable Quemoy with the hope of drawing the United States into his own war, aimed at the reconquest of the mainland. In this instance — contrary to the usual practice — the weaker member of an alliance was sucking the stronger into a conflict that had nothing to offer the stronger.

The time has come, recent events indicate, to recognize that Chiang is a liability we cannot afford. One of the first steps we could take to lessen this liability would be to clarify our alliance with him or — if necessary — abandon it entirely (as we have the legal right to do). This need not mean abandoning Chiang, for we could still defend Formosa. But without the alliance, Chiang would not have legal sanction for his schemes for drawing us into his own war of reconquest.

Such a step would represent, lamentably, a retreat before Communist power. Yet we have little choice. For the alliance was never based on sound principles; it was always a sentimental tie, and sentiment should not blind us to its weakness. Either we beat a diplomatic retreat, or — unless the Communists themselves retreat — we face the danger of nuclear war. In the long run, for us to retreat at this time would involve less risk than a strong stand within the coastal waters of China. It would be a retreat to a position of strength, and not an abandonment of the principle of opposition to the Communist use of force.

We got rid of our first alliance with France when it was no longer useful; and we did so without irreparable damage to our foreign policy. It seems sensible, therefore, to extricate ourselves, as gracefully as possible, from our entangling alliance with Chiang — an alliance we should never have made and one which has never brought us any advantage. Both the treaty and the Formosa Resolution ought to be rescinded by the Senate when Congress reconvenes. Ties of sentiment have no place in international relations when they appear to threaten a people's survival. To this extent, Washington's and Jefferson's principle of avoiding unnecessary "entangling alliances" is still a sound one.

Politics of the Auto Settlement . . *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

THE SIGNING of three-year contracts between the United Auto Workers Union and General Motors, Ford and Chrysler did more than end a six-month period of anxiety in the auto industry. It marked a significant turning point in labor relations in this pace-making field. A formula for amicable coexistence, which both sides sought, was attained despite enormous pressures which made themselves felt in the course of the negotiations.

The settlement opened new vistas for Walter Reuther and his colleagues which they are impatiently waiting to explore. For the national economy, a period of relative labor peace in the industry removes one of the possible hindrances to recovery, and jubilation is widespread in both political and industrial circles.

But ironically, at the moment when all sides hail a new era of labor peace, the auto industry remains plagued by the greatest number of authorized and unauthorized strikes since the turbulent 1930s. There are other paradoxes. Although the agreements have been hailed as "non-inflationary," car prices for the 1959 models will go up. The U.A.W. no longer blames the price rise on high profits; nor does management, in turn, blame "exorbitant labor costs." Walter Reuther, paraphrasing former Defense Secretary Wilson's famous remark, informed the world that "It is a good settlement, good not only for G.M. and its workers, but for everyone, since it is a non-inflationary settlement." Such a bipartisan display of goodwill is something new in Detroit and reflects the desire of both sides to present a

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better public-relations front to the American public, which has been criticizing the auto industry for its "big car" ideas, and the U.A.W. as a "dangerous" union.

Since the end result of the prolonged negotiations was about what had been expected from the beginning, there remains the puzzle: why did the talks take so long? The new contracts are improvements largely in the area of so-called fringe benefits, for which the money was already available from previous funding. The difference between the final package and the corporations' offer six months ago amounts to hardly more than one cent per hour. What kept the parties from getting together was obviously not money, but other factors. And it is these factors which give the settlements such importance.

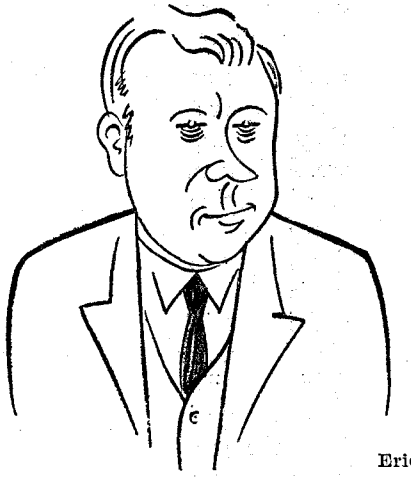
When the auto industry declared last spring that it would stand firmly on the old contracts, its motive was primarily political. The auto barons were seeking "to cut Walter Reuther down to size," as they told journalists. They were banking heavily on two factors to assist them. The recession could be expected to force the U.A.W. to scale down its demands (which it did, as indicated by Reuther's abandonment of the idea of fighting for a shorter work week without loss in take-home pay). The industry also knew that influential Democrats were exerting strong pressure on Reuther to avoid a strike on the theory that a work stoppage would hurt the chances of the Democratic Party not only in Michigan, where the future of Governor Mennen Williams is at stake, but nationally as well.

The kind of pressure that Reuther and his colleagues were getting from that direction is illustrated by the failure of the U.A.W. to endorse Carl Stellato, president of Ford Local 600, in the Democratic primary against incumbent Congressman John Lesinski. The Wayne County (AFL-CIO) Political Action Committee wanted to endorse Stellato, but was finally dissuaded by the U.A.W. leadership, which argued that to do so would antagonize Democratic friends in Washington. Even without all-out support, Stellato obtained 21,000 votes to the incumbent's 27,000, and most observers agree he might have won with support from the Reuther forces.

UNDER THESE conditions, the U.A.W. from the outset rejected the old union slogan, "no contract, no work," and ordered its members to work without a contract, under company-dictated rules, until the 1958 models had run their course. Reuther preferred this strategy to accepting the offer of a two-year renewal of the old contract, which would have meant a serious blow to his prestige.

During this "no contract" period, the auto corporations made two major miscalculations for which they have had to pay. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler sought to whittle down the U.A.W. at plant level by imposing arbitrary working conditions and rules and by weakening the plant-union bargaining structures. This led to a flurry of wildcat strikes which threatened at times to upset Reuther's strategy of waiting until production of the '59 model began before fighting back. Louis G. Seaton, a G. M. vice president, charged that the wildcats were "push-buttoned" from Solidarity House, U.A.W. headquarters. The truth was that the U.A.W. tried repeatedly to calm its secondary leaders, and found itself increasingly unable to do so.

Persons high in the Republican Party's hierarchy may have kept insisting that the industry stand firm against Walter Reuther. They hoped for a knock-down, drag-out fight and, as ammunition, they had already financed Joseph Kamp's vicious attack on Reuther. What these outsiders failed to grasp is something that the labor-relations directors of the auto plants knew. Walter Reuther was playing a responsible and conservative role in the negotiations in the face of increasing internal difficulties. The wildcat strikes were not "push-buttoned"; quite frequently they were in defiance of orders from Reuther's staff. The auto industry might want to do the Republicans a favor, but not at the cost of a return to the class strife of the 1930s.



Eric

Walter Reuther

The U.A.W.'s rank-and-file upsurge has been largely ignored by journalists. Placating the men and women in the shops is not an easy task for a union leadership even with a national agreement. In fact, now that the ranks know that there will not be a nation-wide strike, many locals are determined to improve working conditions and remove seniority and wage inequities in their own shops. It will be a long time before the harmony that appears to have been achieved at the top trickles down to the ranks. There remain many large, unresolved problems for the workers. Even if the auto industry builds 5.5 million cars in 1959, approximately 200,000 auto workers will be permanently unemployed. Nor will a return to "prosperity" end the widespread unemployment that plagues metropolitan Detroit, a situation which must inevitably affect the auto union, whose membership is centered in this area.

ALTHOUGH the 1957 U.A.W. convention mandated its leadership not to sign contracts covering a period longer than two years, Reuther took a gamble and signed three-year pacts. This may seem inexplicable until one realizes the importance of timing in Reuther's calculations, and the political implications involved. The auto settlement largely destroyed the right-wing Republican image of Walter Reuther as a bogeyman inciting class war. In Michigan, peace between the U.A.W. and the Big Three gives further weight to the generally accepted belief that the Democrats will win a clean sweep in the state

(*Continued on p. 300*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Twentieth-Century Faust

BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS. A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists. By Robert Jungk. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 369 pp. $5.

Carl Dreher

THIS book will not please the many industrialists, scientists, engineers and publicists who have acquired a vested interest in atomic weaponeering. The author, a brilliant anti-Nazi, anti-Soviet German-American journalist, probes deeply into the moral dilemma from which most of the atomic scientists have averted their eyes. Predominantly, in Robert Oppenheimer's words, they have acted on the premise that "when you see something that is technically sweet you go ahead and do it and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success." Of course by that time the power of decision is in the hands of soldiers and statesmen, not scientists or philanthropists. Oppenheimer's admission, Jungk suggests, "perhaps explains why the twentieth-century Faust allows himself, in his obsession with success and despite occasional twinges of conscience, to be persuaded into signing the pact with the Devil that confronts him: what is 'technically sweet' he finds nothing less than irresistible."

Starting with Ernest Rutherford's transmutation of matter in 1919 and ending with the Pugwash conferences, Dr. Jungk weaves a multitude of episodes into a fascinating account of the entire atomic development in its scientific, moral and political phases. By assiduous research and interviews with the principal figures, he has uncovered much that is new and clarified much that has been obscured or distorted. An example is his revision of the story of the inception of the atomic-bomb project in the United States. The better-informed have known all along that the protagonist was not Einstein, but the Hungarian-American physicist Leo Szilard. Jungk raises Szilard's stature as a political-technological prophet still higher. As early as October, 1933, provoked by Rutherford's assertion that the release of atomic energy on a large scale was "moonshine," Szilard considered bombarding the uranium atom with neutrons to achieve the result which the dean of atomic scientists scoffed at. In 1938, after much preparatory work by themselves and others, the Germans Hahn and Strassmann duly split the uranium atom. Szilard, by that time in New York, repeated the experiments and "perceived with shocking clarity a possible race in the production of atomic armaments." His first resort was a voluntary agreement among anti-fascist scientists to keep further work in nuclear physics secret. This was only partially successful and Szilard's compatriot Eugen Wigner suggested that the American government should be apprised of the danger. Since Szilard, Wigner and their colleagues, mostly former Central Europeans, were unknown except in the scientific community, Szilard enlisted Einstein's support in what was conceived as a purely defensive counter-move to a possible German success in the development of atomic explosives. Through Gustav Stolper, a leading German economist who had emigrated to the United States, he reached Alexander Sachs, a banker and scholar who, with a series of remarkably accurate economic forecasts, had gained Roosevelt's confidence. Sachs, not without difficulty, succeeded in convincing Roosevelt that the "uranium situation" called for action.

It surely did, but not the action which was finally taken after Roosevelt's death. Einstein, the pacifist and humanitarian, certainly contemplated nothing like the indiscriminate bombing of cities with atomic explosives. "I really only acted as a mail box," he said later. "They brought me a finished letter and I simply signed it." His regrets were of no avail. The vast technological machine ground remorselessly on, some 150,000 non-combatants were immolated and the world was plunged into the nuclear armaments race which the scientists had feared.

Jungk makes out a strong case for the contention that the dropping of the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a militarily unnecessary atrocity. The late Robert M. Young, writing in the *Saturday Review*, went even farther: he argued that the bombs were, in effect, dropped on Russia, not Japan. The slaughter was also necessary for domestic political reasons—how else justify the expenditure of two billion dollars in the Manhattan Project? Jungk quotes Szilard: "In 1945, when we ceased worrying about what the Germans might do to us, we began to worry about what the government of the United States might do to other countries." And, he might have added, what the United States would do to itself. But he and other scientists who tried to avert the catastrophe got nowhere.

In the summer of 1945 the Japanese were so nearly prostrate that American pilots ranged at will over the archipelago and special measures were necessary to keep four Japanese cities intact for atomic bombardment. One was Kyoto, noted for its temples. Jungk relates how Professor Edwin O. Reischauer, the expert on Japan, hearing that Kyoto was marked for destruction, rushed weeping into the office of Colonel Alfred MacCormack in Army Intelligence. MacCormack, whom Jungk describes correctly as a "cultivated and humane New York lawyer," persuaded Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to cross Kyoto off the list. Hiroshima and Nagasaki remained as targets I am inclined to give more weight to Secretary Stimson's defense of the operation than Jungk does. But even if Hiroshima was justifiable, why was the remaining bomb dropped on Nagasaki? The Hiroshima demonstration was conclusive and both we and the Japanese knew it.

A STORY of another kind involves the relationship between Haakon Chevalier and Robert Oppenheimer. Chevalier, the translator of Malraux, was one of the foremost French literary scholars in the United States. Oppenheimer and Chevalier had known each other since 1938, when Chevalier was a lecturer in Romance languages at the University of California and Oppenheimer was a wealthy fellow-traveler of the Communists, engaged to wed an avowed and devoted Communist. After a few years he fell in love with a married woman, broke his engagement, and married the other woman after she had secured a divorce. Oppenheimer subsequently kept up some sort of relationship with his former fiancée, probably only in an effort to help her, but the girl committed suicide.

All this was known to the University community and to the counterintelligence branch of the Army after Oppenheimer took charge at Los Alamos in 1943. General Leslie R. Groves, the

CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

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head of the atomic project, knew it also, but he overrode the counterintelligence people on the ground that Oppenheimer was "absolutely indispensable." The counterintelligence agents kept after Oppenheimer and in an apparent effort to appease them he told a story about a "certain personage" who had asked three physicists at Los Alamos for atomic information to be passed on to the Soviet Union. He refused to give the personage's name. Finally, on Groves's demand, he gave it. It was Chevalier.

The truth of the matter, or something approximating it, came out in 1954 when Oppenheimer himself was in the dock. George Eltenton, a Soviet agent of British nationality, had asked Chevalier to make inquiries of Oppenheimer with a view, as Oppenheimer put it later, "just to make up . . . for the defects of our official communication." This was at a time when unmitigated praise of the Soviet Union, which was bearing the brunt of the war, was as *de rigueur* as unmitigated denunciation is now, but when the United States was more lavish with Lend-Lease supplies for its allies than with technical information. Chevalier had complied. Oppenheimer had instantly refused, and Chevalier had instantly acquiesced in his refusal. The matter was disposed of in a few sentences and never again mentioned between the two.

The three physicists in Oppenheimer's 1943 account were a fiction, and so was much else. At the 1954 hearings, under oath, Oppenheimer characterized his stories about Chevalier as "idiotic" and "a tissue of lies." This smacks of compensatory exaggeration: the fact remained that, however good his intentions, Chevalier had acted as an intermediary for an agent of a foreign, although allied, power. But certainly Oppenheimer should have told Chevalier in 1943 or 1944 that he had named him. No doubt, in accordance with standard operating procedure, Oppenheimer was warned by the counterintelligence people not to give this information to Chevalier, but he was not in uniform nor were the agents the custodians of his conscience. He said nothing, then or later. In total ignorance of what had happened, Chevalier was dismissed from his university post and, inexplicably, could not secure another appointment. Finally he went to France, under an American passport, to eke out a living as a translator and interpreter. Jungk says, "As Chevalier had never been a Soviet agent or even in any active contact with the Communist Party, the police had not been able, despite years of investigation, to find any evidence against him." One wonders how many such cases have been a by-product of the loyalty purges.

AFTER the war Oppenheimer was so eminent that he referred to General Marshall, who had resented President Roosevelt calling him by his first name, as "George." He was a member of no less than thirty-five government committees. But under President Eisenhower his prestige declined. In 1953 he visited Europe with his wife, and the Oppenheimers and Chevaliers were reunited. "Oppie" had a belated opportunity to apprise Haakon of the unpleasant fact that he had informed on him, even if he chose still to conceal the even more unpleasant fact that, in Jungk's words, he had made him "the hero of a highly colored tale of spying." The friends embraced on parting. A year later Chevalier saw Oppenheimer's name splashed across the headlines, with his own more modestly blazoned in the text below. And to this day most Americans think Chevalier was a spy.

Yet Jungk makes it perfectly clear that in some respects Oppenheimer is a great man. He even has a few kind words for the insufferable Edward Teller. Jungk's observations, both favorable and unfavorable, will sometimes offend those to whom a polite regard for reputation is more important than common decency. They should remember that Jungk was writing a personal history of a group of exceedingly important people. As Somerset Maugham said, one can't be a writer and a gentleman too.

These fragmentary samples can give only a scanty idea of the contents of this book. Jungk presents a spectrum of atomic scientists, ranging from some who appear to regard the death of a billion human beings with the calm detachment of an actuary correlating mortality statistics and insurance premiums, to others who will not mail a copy of a published paper to an employee of an armaments manufacturing firm. Errors and omissions are few. Jungk confuses the New York Central's *Twentieth Century Limited* with the Santa Fe's *Super-Chief*. He does not mention J. R. Dunning, who first pinpointed U-235 as the isotope suitable for fission and then suggested the diffusion method of separating it. The remarkable technological and political career of Harold C. Urey, one of the ablest and most courageous of the atomic scientists, could be given more space. So could the British contributors. This applies even to the erring brethren: Klaus Fuchs receives adequate treatment, Alan Nunn May none at all. But these are trifles. If *Brighter than a Thousand Suns* is not widely read and discussed, something is the matter with us, not with the book.

The Frenchman's Burden

ALGERIA: The Realities. By Germaine Tillion. Alfred A. Knopf. 115 pp. $3.

Eleanor G. Knight

GERMAINE TILLION'S book is called important by nearly everyone from Albert Camus to the local broadcaster here in Los Angeles. Now General de Gaulle has joined the fervent ranks, having made Madame Tillion's thesis his own at Constantine on October 3. Madame Tillion preaches a crusade, reminiscent of Saint Bernard in the twelfth century. Hers is a gigantic missionary enterprise to gain souls, not however for Christendom but for the Fifth Republic. If you read her book the way you listen to a political speech or an inspired sermon, you can be carried away in glory. If, on the other hand, you stumble over figures, and over rich and varied figures of speech; if you then stop to do a few sums or block a few metaphors, the euphoria is threatened and doubt stirs.

Madame Tillion's *sine qua non* for Algeria are universal elementary education, full employment and modern social legislation, and "a ballot that is not tampered with," the last a tacit acknowledgment of Algeria's prefabricated elections. The Algerians must have everything the French have. General de Gaulle has bought this program, and included postage stamps, the tricolor and the Marseillaise (Article 2 of the Constitution). The author and her august disciple take it for granted that the Algerians will be as happy as clams, once they are French. Neither the lady nor the general has so far suggested translating the Marseillaise into Arabic, but with well over 90 per cent of Algerians unable to understand French, the need suggests itself. Certainly if there are to

ELEANOR G. KNIGHT, long a resident of North Africa, is the translator of Pierre Parent's The Truth About Morocco *and the author of many magazine articles about the region.*

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be any sopranos in the chorus the anthem must be translated, for some 98 per cent of Muslim women know no French.

The economic gap between the European and Muslim community may be enormous, the author writes, but not the social gap. The evidence for this is that, given the opportunity, men "from the destitute class enter the prosperous class" with facility. She seems to be arguing that poverty makes the gap, that all can be cured with money, the solution rather than the root of evil. An annual 400 billion francs will do the trick, which sum, she says, is what the war is costing (much higher estimates have been made). But the war, everyone says, is the cause of the French financial jam. If peace should come according to the Tillion-de Gaulle gospel, it would be an equal drain on French resources. A perplexing unanswered question is whether the United States, Germany and the International Monetary Fund would continue to finance peace as they are financing war. If they did, would not Madame Tillion have to rephrase her statement on p. 69: "We—that is France — "undertook to solve the [Algerian] problems. . . . Without us, they will never be solved." The "us" may have to be capitalized, as in U.S.

THERE are several "cruxes" in this book. One is that Algerians must have access to the French labor market. France is said to accommodate 400,000 Muslim workers. In 1956 they remitted 35 billion francs — $250 per worker — to the home-folks. And the home-folks, the author says, amounted to two million people, or "maybe" even three or four million. Let's assume that three million are supported by the remittances. This would amount to $35 for each person — not enough to assist the recipients much in their passage from the destitute to the prosperous class. The crux itself seems less of a one after a little arithmetic reduces a global 35 billion francs to a single 35 dollars.

Another "crux" is education. In 1956, with a bare 25 per cent of Muslim children in school, Algerian education was costing France 2.8 billion francs (roughly $75,000,000), Madame Tillion states. Not enough, she says (and indeed it does seem low for a school-age population of two million); it must be 50 billion francs a year. General de Gaulle has now promised an eight-year program of public education for Algeria which his Minister of Education had already announced, but for which the latter has budgeted only 17 to 18 billion francs a year. Over this eight-year period, 15,000 classes are to be started, and that means schooling for 750,000 children. Today there are one and one-half million without schools, and the Muslim population increases at the rate of 200,000 a year, at least. Here again arithmetic spoils the crusading *élan*, making Madame Tillion's vision and de Gaulle's promise dwindle with every year that passes.

Two million Muslims are, "economically speaking," Europeans. Presumably Madame Tillion means that they have European incomes. Admittedly she is an expert, but so also are the treasury officials who compiled the Maspétiol Report. This is a case where the experts disagree. According to that report, 93 per cent of the Muslim population have a per capita income of $78.49 a year, considerably less than the $587.44 European average income. This leaves seven per cent of Muslims who, even if they got the European average, which they do not by a long shot, would be nowhere near two million, not more than half of one million.

What is said about a North African Union in this book must startle the Moroccans and Tunisians as much as it does the Algerians. In such a federation, Madame Tillion claims, Algeria would be a "millstone around Morocco's neck" and Tunisia would "founder" in this "ill-balanced partnership." This is an arresting opinion for several reasons. For one, if we accept it, the Moroccans and Tunisians must be fools to support the Algerian war, and to send their delegations to the United Nations with instructions to do everything possible for their Algerian brothers. For another, Madame Tillion's reason for calling this union a threat to Tunisia and Morocco is that the Algerians are "extremely assertive and little inclined to take second place." Therefore they would dominate their partners. Having absorbed this, the reader is astonished, a few pages further on, to find out that the Moroccan worker in France "beats the Algerian hollow." Arithmetic will not solve this one. How is it that in North Africa the Algerian will dominate the Moroccan and Tunisian, while in France, on the contrary, he will lose out to them?

In the concluding chapter, we learn that money is not everything and that French experts will also be needed. Madame Tillion proposes a two-year "draft" of French university graduates and "serried ranks of schoolteachers" to work in Algeria. The terminology reminds us that the author was close to the war as a member of Jacques Soustelle's cabinet while he was governor general of Algeria. But she does not like war or war's methods, and is opposed to the use of torture. Unfortunately her efforts to mitigate the latter, as well as her humane attempts to save some Algerians from the guillotine, have been in vain. She has sold a paper program, but has not been able to halt the uncultured incidents.

In the end there remains the key question, which Madame Tillion never asks: what if the Algerians want to solve their own problems? She says that France has undertaken the job, asserting simply that the Algerians are incapable of doing it. How does one reconcile this with another statement which she underlines: "it is impossible to look after a people that is not capable of looking after itself." One final question: Can a people ever learn to look after itself when foreigners insist on doing the looking-after, even granted that those foreigners are as well-meaning as Madame Tillion and as incorruptible as General de Gaulle?

To a Used Auto Parts Dealer

My vision of the Ford Assembly Line
Changes to this flaming pile of wrecks,
Flaming paint on wrecks of rusted metal,
And in charge of it all a flaming Irishman

Whose every word is "f——'." He rooks
Me for a couple of doors, and won't throw
A window in besides; treats me like a kid;
Bosses his 6-foot cringing, joking workers

Who slop around in his grease for the pay
And curse him, I'll bet, from the bottom
Of their hearts at night. It's my wish
That his competitors beat him every deal,

His workers get loaded and sock that red face,
A truck transmission drop on his foot,
The cars he buys be busted everywhere,
And my two doors will work O.K.!

RICHARD I. MAYES

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Somebody Else's Crowd

AT LADY MOLLY'S. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown & Co. 239 pp. $3.75.

Dawn Powell

THERE is a code among English novelist-wits of our day that no character of their creation may share stellar billing with the author. Whatever the book, there must be no obstreperous Micawbers or Quilps to overshadow the Huxleys, Waughs, Amises, or Powells. These are the clown tycoons, author-producer-star-bandleader every one of them, and when you buy, ask for them by the proper brand-name — the new Waugh, the new Amis, the new Anthony Powell, the new Angus Wilson.

Nevertheless, amidst the vast but economical cast of bit-players and tumblers in Anthony Powell's "Music of Time" novels, of which *At Lady Molly's* is the fourth, one character assumes increasing poignancy. Of all the sad young men alone in all the gay places, Nicholas Jenkins must be the saddest. Quiet, infinitely modest, infinitely well-bred, obviously well-enough connected for at least the second-best invitations, and well-enough heeled for the proper gestures, Nicholas patiently lurks behind the palms while others dance, looks after aging harridans and listens to old generals, gets the medicinal shot for the ailing overhung, provides a dry shoulder or at least shoulder-pad for the weeping nymph, cues in all the guests to their favorite anecdotes. But nowhere throughout the four novels is he rewarded with a great love or a scene in one.

Even the reader, who should be grateful for the unobtrusive but thorough way Jenkins has introduced him to such fascinating lives, forgets his name and has to turn back the pages to find out who old Whatsisname is. Mr. Powell, we assume, had no intention of allowing Jenkins to be anything but the m. c., but the patient, decent fellow has performed this service through four novels and like good old Lewis Whatsisname in the C. P. Snow series, is entitled to a go of his own before the game is up. By this time, he knows enough about all the best people to be a first-class blackmailer, or a first-class bore. It is really a wonder that people have tolerated him so long, creeping up on them in their love scenes, and marital spats, just looking for his hat in the closet of family skeletons, chancing to drop in on the shady business conference, but above all being so damnably obliging, so content to be *asked.* The suspicion arises, in reading *At Lady Molly's,* that the characters behave as quixotically as they do and tell the outrageous confessions they do, just because Jenkins is there. They are trying to shock him. They are trying to get rid of him.

THERE are many reasons why American readers may find *At Lady Molly's* difficult reading, in spite of the perceptive wit and suave prose. First, there is neither hero nor story beyond the fragile thread of Widmerpool (an old school pal of Jenkins several novels ago) getting engaged to a Mrs. Haycock, contracting jaundice on the eve of a prenuptial experiment and calling the whole thing off. Even those of us who knew Widmerpool of old, care very little what he does, nor does it matter to us that a "noisy little girl, Barbara Goring, had once poured sugar over his head at the Huntercombes' dance." It is good to know that old General Conyers has given up training poodles as gun dogs and is now hunting down his friends with the double barrels of Jung and Freud, but he could pour sugar over their heads too for all we care. It's somebody else's crowd.

Lady Molly, a familiar type of thirties' hostess, with her "mixed bag" of guests, her budgerigars, four principal dogs and far-flung family vines, offers only her house of cards to the bewildered new reader looking for a base. There is no use trying to follow her fortunes because she hasn't any. No use fastening interest on any other pet character, either, because nobody's going anywhere—not unless everybody goes. What appears to be the "mixed bag" at Lady Molly's is not haphazard at all; the chain of seemingly raffish guests is chosen like Rotary Club members, each specializing in one major eccentricity, no duplicates permitted. It is agreed that scandal, to be amusing, must concern titled sinners or at least the military. What delicious fun for a Knight of the Garter in court regalia to leap into the fountain, say, but let a postman obey the same impulse and he's popped off to a nursing home.

Mr. Powell's wit is chillier and its area more circumscribed than in the earlier *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients.* John Collier, with his *Defy the Foul Fiend* of fond memory, Kingsley Amis, Waugh and Huxley sometimes have spurts of wild, savage clowning that appeal to American readers more than Powell's dry detachment. None can match his ear for speech, and if this is what he means by "Music of Time" then he has caught it so far as his corner of English life is concerned. But the characters need actors and a camera to give the human dimensions that Mr. Powell obviously finds sticky. Love, for Mr. Powell, is a scuffle in a dingy seaside inn, marriage a distasteful prelude to decent divorce, friends are not people you choose or even like, God forbid, but people you've always known.

If Mr. Powell seems a little cautious this time, it is not that his weapons are less precise or his aim faltering. It is that the game he hunts has gotten old through over-protection. The prey has become the pet, not fair for sport nor yet for euthanasia.

DAWN POWELL, novelist and critic, is the author of The Locusts Have No King *and* The Wicked Pavilion, *among others.*

The Avant Garde

(for K. R.)

Put your manuscript away, Horace said,
keep it nine years. . . . Do you hear the bloodhounds?
fangs snapping—howling? Not their wild sounds
frighten us—we are still an inch ahead—

it's our own voices get me—scratched-up record
of ourselves we have to carry around
of old men of the sea where our youth drowned
while Time spun crazy dials we never heard.

And now new time—that "room for human growth"—
keeps racing with us while we try to keep
up with new waves of never-stopping youth.

Words keep on forming poems in my throat;
my age sings like a child that starts to creep
and nine years more won't make that lie the truth.

WALTER LOWENFELS

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Either Weep or Laugh

THE LONG DREAM. By Richard Wright. Doubleday and Co. 384 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

RICHARD WRIGHT'S new novel is not a book to be studied from a distance, to gain perspective on a work of art. It should be examined myopically, close to the page, as one reads the chart of a strange and dangerous passage.

> *Lawyer McWilliams, a liberal Southerner:* It's corrupt to *take* bribes and it's corrupt to *give* them.
>
> *Tyree Tucker, a proud Negro:* Mr. McWilliams, I ain't corrupt. I'm a *nigger*. Niggers ain't corrupt. Niggers ain't got no rights but them they *buy*. . . . If we niggers didn't buy justice from the white man, we'd never git any.

Tyree Tucker, proud because he has never worked for a white man, buys the justice he needs to operate his undertaking business, his illegal dance hall, his tenements, his bordelloes and gambling games. He is wealthy, even by white standards, and his son Fishbelly, grows up "baffled by the power of dollars to wipe out shame." Tyree greets all whites with a bent back and a self-immolating smile—and drives the dark streets with curses in his throat and a gun across his knees. The two sides of Tyree, the flashing shift from agonizing clown to contemptuous brigand, is a brilliant study in the art of survival.

Fishbelly hates his father because he cringes and runs and loves him because, though with dirty, humiliating weapons, he fights until he is dead. *The Long Dream* is the story of how the boy learns to reconcile the two feelings. From another viewpoint, it is a tableau of the two races meeting on their only common ground—corruption. In Wright's South, whites and blacks will not eat together or sit together; work together or play together—but they will steal together. And the acrid joke of that for such as Tyree and Fishbelly is that the Negro demoralizes the white by the convenience of his inferiority.

The structure of *The Long Dream* is the step-by-step progress of Fishbelly, a shy black boy, from the safe, warm world of the Negro ghetto into the lawless world between the races where a few Negroes, preying on black and white alike, have the arrogance to live by their wits. It opens up aspects of the South not covered by dictionary words like "segregation" or "miscegenation." Its key words are "rape" and "blood," "lynch" and "hide," "lie" and "scream." And above all, "run." A Negro, says Tyree, must either weep or laugh, and if you can't weep you had better laugh.

But structure is not what you should look at in this book. Richard Wright is a man of considerable literary ability, a man who has made a living for twenty years or more with his writing, but who nevertheless is not primarily a writer. Many literary men have fought crusades; Wright is a crusader who fights with words. It makes a difference and it accounts for the special quality of his fiction. *The Long Dream* is not a badly-made book, as you will discover if you try to pull it to pieces. It is very strong, but its workmanship is careful only where care is needed for Wright's purpose. Elsewhere the book is boldly hammered together—not as a work of art but as the scaffolding for an idea.

Thus, in a given scene, the characters are so vivid that the noise and smell of them come straight to your senses. But how they get from scene to scene, how they develop in understanding and experience from episode to episode, is another matter. The fact is that, having made a point, Wright packs his people up and carts them to where they are needed for the next demonstration. What will throw you off, if you approach *The Long Dream* with the usual instruments of critical measurement, is that the narrative is a palpable machine, but the people are real. You do not often find flesh and blood thus contending on a stage for puppets; it happens this way because Wright spends his talent, not for art, but for an idea.

I DO NOT doubt that if he were a greater artist, he would carry his idea with still greater power. On the other hand, if he concerned himself more with art, he might well fail of the great, rough-hammered platforms he erects.

And he does polish his work as the years pass. He writes now with much more control than he once showed; his ear is wonderfully acute and his judgment of emotional degree and balance is subtle, varied and exciting. Still more, he grows in understanding of the problem to which he has devoted his life. Wright is an advocate, not a judge; he sees race from the viewpoint of the Negro, and one does not look to him for any withdrawn, balanced appraisal of issues. But he is not bemused, either, by the sufferings of his people. He does not think that suffering is ennobling or that the Negro is a pure creature in an evil

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land. Corruption is corruption and Wright exposes it. Tyree does not speak for the author in his outburst to McWilliams—he speaks for his own desperate solution to the problem, and Wright promptly shows where that solution leads.

But if corruption is corruption, so compassion is compassion. Police Chief Cantley represents everything in the white world that Wright most hates. Nevertheless, towards the end of the book he has Cantley scream at Fishbelly:

> Goddamn you, you black sonofabitch! I wish to hell I could *believe* you! But you *can't* tell me the truth! . . . I swear to God, I don't know what we can do with you niggers. . . . We make you scared of us and then we ask you to tell us the truth. And you *can't!* Goddamit, you *can't!*

There is real sorrow in this and an approach to love. It is in the poignant vision of the two races locked in terrible, degrading embrace that Wright, a truly proud Negro, has isolated the essence of the tragedy.

THEATRE

Gore Vidal

SEVEN or perhaps eleven plays to encompass all things American from the Revolution to The Way We Live Now; after a number of false starts, the solemn burning of aborted fragments in a hotel room in Boston with only one completed play surviving, *A Touch of the Poet,* set in 1828. What could sound more unpromising? Especially in the wake of that stunning, mawkish bore *A Long Day's Journey Into Night,* whose production and reception on Broadway resembled nothing so much as a state funeral, with black plumes waving and sonorous eulogies of the dead master from those who gave so little aid and comfort to the living master for his *The Iceman Cometh* in 1946.

I went to the theatre expecting the worst. Even before the curtain went up, irritable phrases formed in my mind (how often, I wonder, does this happen to professional reviewers?). "Rhetoric is the attempt of the will to do the work of the imagination": W. B. Yeats. . . . I would definitely use that one, for if there was ever a rhetorician it was the late master. Then I recalled my old resentment against his misuse of the *Oresteia* when, having crudely borrowed the relationships, the melodrama, the portentousness of Aeschylus, he blithely left out the whole idea of justice which was, to say the least, the point of that tragedy. And, finally, the maddening urge of American primitives to include everything—to write cycles, tetralogies, epics, the whole hee-haw of the Thomas Wolfes as they list the rivers of America in alphabetical order, their minds innocent of civilization, their self-love filling the empty plains of a new continent which ought to have a tragedy, though just what it is no one has yet discovered.

The curtain rose. Two minor characters started talking. One's heart sank as they explained at length necessary secrets. By then I had worked through Henry James: "It takes a very great deal of history to make a very small bit of literature," when suddenly the stage was bathed in light: Helen Hayes and Kim Stanley were on; the drama had begun and O'Neill blazed.

A Touch of the Poet is a beautiful play, beautifully presented. It has but one fault, to which I shall come last; its virtues more than compensate. The play is *rose* not *noire* and it has a deliberate artifice, which I prefer to the shapeless black melodramas O'Neill usually preferred. Then, too, 1828 is just right: Andrew Jackson; the rise of the democrats; the fall of J. Q. Adams and with him that oligarchical, gentlemanly society which began the nation. All this is symbolically right, and pleasing. It is time we used our bit of history; especially since the New York audience has practically no sense of the United States before the First War. Lincoln, of course, is recalled, glumly; it is known that there was some sort of Revolution at the beginning, and that's it—almost as if Van Wyck Brooks had never lived.

O'Neill reminds us of our past. He indicates the rise of the Yankee merchants, busy, practical, contemptuous of the old aristocratic principle. With precision and —for him—economy, he sets the scene for his moral action which is the crushing of a man's false pride, his absorption into the main, his final realization that he has lived a bogus life, presuming to a position both worldly and moral to which he has no right but the one—and this is significant—of wanting.

Cornelius Melody (Eric Portman) was born of Irish peasants, served bravely in the Peninsular campaign, became a British officer, got pregnant a peasant girl, married her, came to America, opened a tavern and failed. He torments his wife (Helen Hayes) and his daughter (Kim Stanley); he quotes Byron to himself in a mirror. He assumes the manner of a king in exile. He is laughed at by the Yankees, but adored by his wife who understands him perhaps more profoundly in O'Neill than she would in life: she sees how lonely he is in his vanity (very Meredithean, this) and she loves him. He is alternately mocked and served by his daughter, a finely realized character; part dreamer, part materialist, veering this way and that, ambivalent and strange.

The story is simple. The daughter loves a Yankee of the new merchant class. He has escaped his family to write poetry but eventually he will go into business—happily. The girl must marry him to escape the world of unpaid bills and false pride. She also loves him and wants to cheat neither of them. His family deplores the match. They try to buy her off. Melody, drunk, goes to challenge the boy's father to a duel; he is beaten up by the police (dressed as a major of the British army); he returns, pride gone, and in an incredible *volte-face* chooses reality to prideful illusion: he is only a Mick and a failure who loves his wife. The girl gets her Yankee, and all ends well.

WHAT makes the play work thematically is the examination of Melody's dream world. It may well be that this is the most significant American theme, at least in the twentieth century. Reality does not please him; he chooses to invent his past; he tells lies; he believes the lies and for various reasons is abetted in them by those about him. O'Neill has often dealt with this theme (*The Iceman Cometh,* for example) and so have many of our best writers, most notably Tennessee Williams in *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

Which brings us to an interesting question: What is it in modern American life (1828 is as good a date as any to start the "modern") which forces so many to prefer fantasy to reality? One observes them, at any cocktail party: charming people, boring people, intelligent, dull—people of all sorts, telling lies, which no one much minds. It is all a game. Who shall I be? Who am I? And the person who drops the brick of truth is the only villain.

It is to this that the audience of *A Touch of the Poet* most responds. There is an element of Melody in all of us and one watches with horrified fascination

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as he is brought at last to the truth about himself.

As for the production, it is splendid. Mr. Clurman has taken the three most mannered actresses in our theatre and imposed the play's manner on them with complete success. Miss Hayes is strong and direct and very moving; her cute pony-prancing severely curbed. Betty Field, whose old voice I always liked, has quite a new one which works admirably in her single scene. But the production's glory is Kim Stanley's performance. The old tricks are there but they glitter and she gets the character's ambivalence with such fairness that one is reminded of a character in Dostoevski: light and shadow mysteriously fluctuating; the "yes" and the simultaneous "no." It is fine work.

The play's flaw is the performance of Eric Portman. He is a fine technical actor whose attack here is unfortunately wrong. He belongs, at least when he plays bravuras, to what I think of as the "voice-music" school of English acting whose honorary president is Sir Ralph Richardson. The voice-musicians hear some strange melody in the wings to which in counterpoint they sing their lines. Their songs are often fascinating but almost always irrelevant to the play's meaning. Mr. Portman is far better in the small neat plays of Terence Rattigan, because in the naturalistic idiom one can gobble and honk and sigh and mumble and the meaning is always clear. Major Melody needs grandeur and thought, neither of which Mr. Portman provides. As I watched him strut about the stage on his spindly legs, his swollen body held tightly erect, like a pineapple on two sticks, I was haunted by *dèja vu;* not until the final scene did I recall who it was he reminded me of: a maleficent Mr. Micawber—and the moment one plays Melody like Micawber, O'Neill is brought down.

Happily, there are so many good things in this production—including the play—that the thing works, and one is pleased that Eugene O'Neill's last play should be at once so human and so gently wise.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the New York Philharmonic have begun the new season in a blaze of popular approval. The public, far from being upset by such innovations as changing the Thursday night concerts into semi-informal "previews" when the conductor may speak to the audience, has responded by taking the largest pre-season ticket subscription in the Philharmonic's history. The old Philharmonic audience seems to have remained faithful, and added to its ranks is a new one large enough to pack Carnegie Hall to the rafters.

It is especially encouraging to note that this surge of enthusiasm has taken place in the same season when Bernstein has scheduled an unusually generous amount of new music. For the groups of concerts which he, himself, will conduct, he has laid out a survey of American music, beginning with the generations represented by Ives, MacDowell, Ruggles and Riegger; passing on to "the twenties"; then to the period from "the crash through the Second World War"; and ending with new works by six young Americans. Conductors Schippers, Von Karajan, Barbirolli, and Mitropoulos will emphasize in their programs the music of Italy, Germany, England and France. On these, too, there will be a considerable number of new works. Judging by the present public response, it would seem that the dogma of conservative management, that new music scares audiences away, may finally be disproved. It is possible, of course, that Bernstein's popularity with the public and his flair for a relaxed sort of music-education have made the difference. Whatever the reason, I am glad, and I hope the honeymoon will be long and happy.

On his opening program, Bernstein

Aubade

My bed rocks me gently
in the pale shallows
of 5 a. m.

Lying beside you I wait
for the tree-toad clock-bell
to scream you awake.

My ears are full of trees
in which choruses of birds
explode.

The great light of morning
shines and shakes
in my eyes.

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presented William Schuman's *American Festival Overture,* the Charles Ives *Symphony No. 2,* and Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony.* Since Schuman is in the youngish category of American composers, his *Overture* was out of the series' planned chronology, but its title and general disposition made it a logical choice for a curtain raiser. Bernstein gave it a virtuoso reading. I have never heard the Philharmonic sound more fleet-fingered and secure. Like most of Schuman's music, the *Overture* is efficient in its orchestral manner, extremely energetic, clean-cut, and coolly colorful. It is not, however, one of his most arresting works, and I am sorry that it will be the only piece to represent this important American in the season.

Ives's *Second Symphony* is an appealing opus, written between 1897 and 1901, when the composer was in his twenties. As a symphony, it is an oddball, both in form and in substance. Throughout its five movements, quotations from such tunes as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," Foster's "Camptown Races," and "Bringin' In the Sheaves," keep cropping up, floated, often, on a smooth texture which reflects the Romantic period, and yet is distinctly original in flavor. However, the *Second Symphony* does not reveal the full weight of Ives's audacious, iconoclastic thinking —thinking which led him to techniques of polyharmony and polyrhythmics at an earlier date than such European composers as Stravinsky, Bartok and Milhaud, with whom those techniques are most commonly associated. It is not a massive, chest-bursting piece like the *Robert Browning Overture.* Rather, its moods are ones of gentleness and gangly humor. It is, essentially, a sweet work, for all its cavorting, and I know of few passages in any composition that can rival, for simple sincerity and expressiveness, certain ones in the second movement.

IT remains a fact, though, that Charles Ives, as a creative personality, will always be a tragic figure. How great he was, we all now realize. But it is also apparent that much of his music was deformed by the circumstances of his creative life. Early in his career, he was faced by that opposition, tacit or otherwise, which has been the basic fact of life for almost every American composer. His music was not wanted. He could not live and support a family by composing, and because of the very stubbornness and valiance which shows in his music, he elected not to be a cast-off member of American society. He went into the insurance business, did splendidly, and let the world of performing musicians, audiences and critics go hang. As Arnold Schoenberg said of him: "He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt." He composed as he pleased—prolifically, audaciously, helter-skelter. It was a great, lifelong gesture. And yet the gesture was only partly valid. Therein, I think, lies the tragedy. I am certain that Ives, had he heard more of his music performed, endured criticism and enjoyed praise, in short, completed the natural cycle that begins when one first puts note to paper, would have achieved a more unified, controlled and completed expression. There are masterpieces and near-masterpieces in his catalog. There are also a thousand measures which do not quite come off—which, if he had heard them, he would have *made* to come off. He was no dilettante, no primitive, no amateur. He was a stubborn American born in 1874. Things are a little better now.

Bernstein gave to the Ives *Symphony,* and to the Beethoven *Seventh* which followed, a sensitive, affectionate and thoroughly graceful performance. It was a splendid opening night.

Politics of the Auto Settlement

(*Continued from p. 292*)

and retire, among others, Republican Senator Charles Potter. Senator Potter's probable replacement, Democratic candidate Philip Hart, openly welcomes U.A.W. support. On the national scale, right-wing Republicans find it increasingly difficult to blast Reuther when the giant Republican-owned auto industry is doing business with him.

The three-year contracts go well beyond the 1960 Presidential election, which means that neither side during this time need again face the kind of crisis which they have just been through; and Reuther and his staff will have ample time to devote to larger political questions, including the role that labor should play in the Democratic Party and its choice of candidates. In a word, Reuther's conservative tack on the economic level has placed him in a strategic position on the political scene.

For these accomplishments, Reuther will undoubtedly be hailed in many circles as a labor statesman of the caliber of the late Sidney Hillman. It remains to be seen, however, how the three-year contracts will affect his stature as a labor leader. The unrest reflected by the wildcat strikes will not easily be quieted. During negotiations, Hoffa had said: "I don't think Reuther has the guts to call the strike. In my opinion he already has a contract with the employers in his pocket. He just doesn't know how to sell it to his members." His remark made a deeper impact on U.A.W. members than its leaders care to admit. Even the best fringe benefits are a poor tranquilizer for dissatisfactions inherent in an industry in which assembly-line operations tend to crush all human aspirations and turn a man into a robot.

BY SIGNING three-year contracts, the U.A.W. has tied its hands on this issue until the fall of 1961. It has, in effect, given up its vanguard role in establishing new gains for the entire labor movement. Reuther's new friend, Dave McDonald of the Steelworkers, now gets that role, since steel negotiations reopen next summer and McDonald has announced a campaign for a shorter work week for his union.

As a responsible and essentially conservative labor spokesman, Reuther may not sit well with his more militant followers in the union. But the role does place him in a better position to succeed George Meany as president of the AFL-CIO when, and if, the latter retires. The uneasiness that the auto industry felt for many years about the "unpredictable" Walter Reuther has now disappeared. A second look at the results of the auto negotiations, and the part that Reuther has played, may give other labor leaders a clearer understanding of the fact that the head of the auto workers is far more "one of the boys" than they think.

As the most articulate spokesman of the labor movement, Reuther has three years in which to solidify his influence within it. And, as labor's shrewdest politician, he has attained a three-year breathing spell in which to make his influence felt on the future of the Democratic Party.

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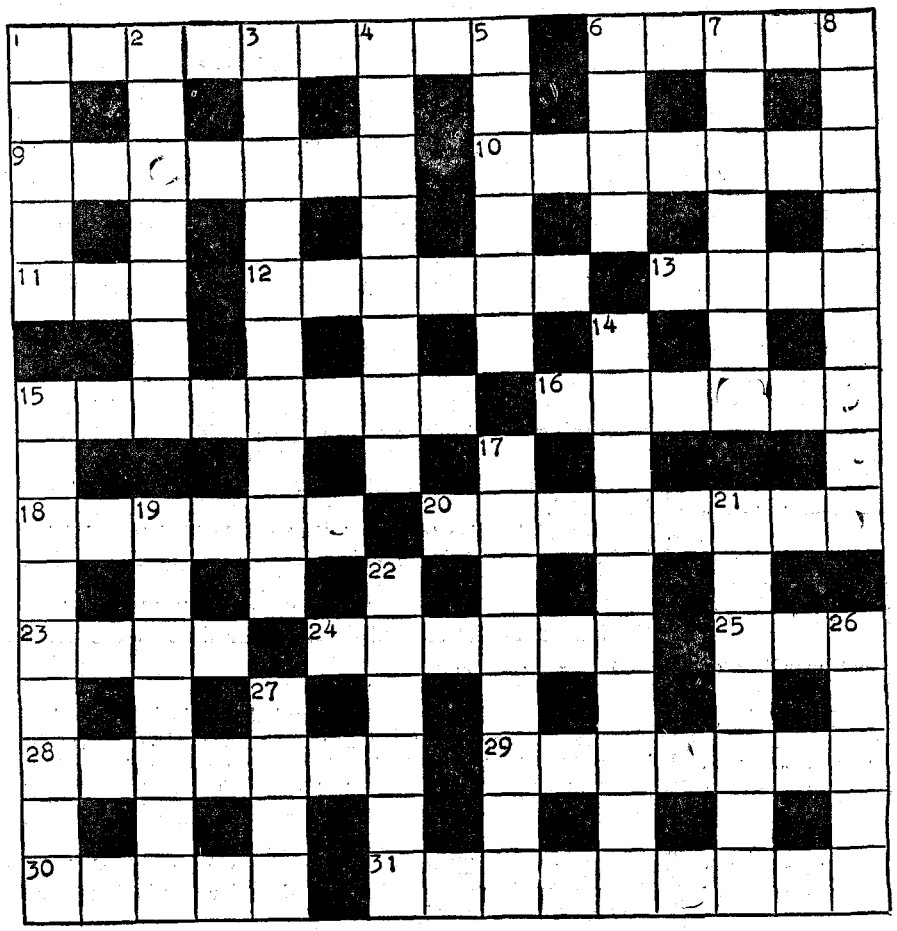
Crossword Puzzle No. 791

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sign implying one can't get ahead in an absence of aerial attack? (2,7)
9 Seize what you want for the rest — it's taken unscrupulously. (7)
10 This is a real positive quantity, as a measure to add back around a loud disturbance. (7)
11 and 23 How the sailor secures what he aims to. (7)
12 Over 67 degrees around the spirit —it might move you or something.
13 Order that might be useful in finishing bolts. (4)
16 A sign of June, in part. (6)
18 Alternatively, Mr. Petri's state. (6)
24 and 15 across Estimating how far 14 has traveled? (It's easy if you know the answer!) (6,8)
25 and 27 down Father has a comfortable return shouldered by the children, perhaps. (7)
28 Weight certain to suggest an ecclesiastic. (7)
29 Not for a stag in trouble! (7)
30 Equals 7, in a way. (5)
31 Play on words, after a fashion, rather common in the "Three Musketeers." (9)

DOWN:

1, 20 and 22 Flower that suggests an old warrior, rather (according to the British) earnest. (5-8,6)
2 Such a schooner rolled a lot. (7)
3 Bus—or "Nautilus?" (Ruination!) (10)
4 Ending it might seem a poor substitute. (8)
5 and 6 across Could be the scene of a giant gamble! (6,5)
6 A moving one seemed asleep to Tennyson. (4)
7 His bolo dances on the stage. (7)
8 Could be a sort of venal sign, but certainly not a liberating idea. (9)
14 Not the first workman to be used! (6-4)
15 See the judge, or get technical and material evidence. (9)
17 After all, a real dodo should be fabulous! (8)
19 It's easy to have an understanding of 12 with shelter instead of drink. (7)
21 You might find me plain, but still put on the list. (7)
26 Female goat? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 790

ACROSS: 1 Malapert; 10, 11, 19 and 5 Come out, come out, wherever you are!; 12 Evoke; 13 Atlantean; 14 Equal; 16 Entitled; 22 and 25 Extramural; 24 Barometer; 26 Incan; 28 Stirrer; 29 Unhitch; 30 Saddle; 31 Censures. DOWN: 1 Machetes; 2 Limbo; 3 Propeller; 4 Retrace; 7 Atonement; 8 Extant; 9 Ocelot; 15 Unhurried; 17 and 6 The Rights of Man; 18 Paunches; 20 Voters; 21 Reroute; 23 Abuses; 27 Cater.

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What Ever Happened To George Seldes?

The question is asked frequently. We thought therefore that readers of *The Nation* might be interested in the following editorial comment which appeared recently in *The Independent*:

Most readers of *The Independent* need no introduction to George Seldes. His semi-retirement from the crusading scene has been one of American journalism's major losses.

Recently in the meeting room of the Newspaper Guild, an old-timer was discussing with regret Seldes' absence from the scene. "He tried very hard to improve the standards of daily newspapers," the veteran newsman said. "He didn't succeed, but he never stopped trying to make a lady of the whore."

And although this has little to do with the project at hand, we know that George Seldes reads *The Independent* and that he will be interested in knowing that he is still missed on the newspaper scene.

The Project At Hand . . .

Some twenty-four years ago, Seldes was completing a manuscript which dealt with freedom of the press. He wanted to embellish each chapter with an appropriate quotation on liberty in general and journalism in particular.

Milton's *Areopagitica* and John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* were conventional but indispensable.

Could he trust his memory for the correct wording or punctuation of "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties?" Obviously not.

He turned to Bartlett's Quotations. And then a whole new world opened. There was no mention of John Stuart Mill, and the *Areopagitica* quotation by Milton was also missing.

Wrote Seldes later: It was difficult at first to accept a suspicion of censorship or favoritism or undue 'editing' of the great quotations.

"There was certainly plenty of poetry by Milton. And the other major poets including Shelley and Byron and Lowell and even Browning and Tennyson and Coleridge and Wordsworth. But these men were not ivory tower dwellers—they were men concerned with their times, concerned with life and liberty and the freedom of the individual and of the world. There was no mention whatever of their concern in Bartlett."

Missing was all mention of Tom Paine.

Missing too was Lincoln's "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

It became apparent on further careful study that Bartlett was peculiarly lacking on the subjects of liberty, freedom, democracy, non-conformity, and the rights and dignity of man.

This was the beginning of Seldes' own research in quotations.

As he compiled his own collection, Seldes contacted people still living to verify the quotations attributed to them.

Einstein, for instance, killed as untrue, the statement widely attributed to him as his definition of the theory of relativity: "There is no hitching post in the universe."

Seldes hunted down the facts regarding classical quotes. For instance, he found the true source of the quote often wrongly attributed to George Washington that "The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion."

—And after twenty years . . .

—George Seldes had accumulated a tremendous collection of the great quotations on liberty and democracy. He had enough of them to fill a 1,600 page anthology—and not one of the quotations is in Bartlett!

Commercial publishers, faced with high costs and low profits, considered the book, praised the book, and returned it with regrets. Foundations examined it, were most enthusiastic about it, but explained that to publish a book containing great ideas which are considered controversial might endanger their tax-free status!

It became apparent that no commercial publisher would be found.

It would be nice to report that we decided to publish the book. The only thing lacking in this happy ending is the nearly $20,000 needed to launch it.

The manuscript dedicated to "the illimitable freedom of the human mind" seemed destined for dust in the drawer.

Enter Irving Caesar . . .

Irving Caesar is a creative and dynamic individual who doesn't like to take "no" for an answer. He knew about the Seldes book and believed as your editor does, that it should be in print, that it is important that it be in print and in libraries where scholars could draw upon the great liberal thoughts of the great men.

Caesar is a life-long pacifist who was schooled at a Quaker Institute and who served under Louis Lochner on the Ford Peace Ship.

His fame, of course, has come to him as a composer and author of songs. These include *Tea For Two* (the most widely played song in the world today), *Just A Gigolo*, *Swannee*, *I Want To Be Happy*, and the *Sing A Song of Friendship* and *Sing A Song of Safety* series.

This month, determination overcame "good business sense" and Caesar-Stuart was formed to publish the Seldes book.

In order to successfully publish "The Great Quotations" (which will be a volume of between 1,000 and 1,200 pages and will retail for $15), a campaign is being started to secure one hundred patrons for the book.

These one hundred will be asked to provide $100 each for which they will receive ten copies of the book. One copy will be personally autographed by Seldes—and will in effect be part of a limited edition since Seldes has agreed not to autograph any copies beyond these one hundred. The other nine copies would make welcome gifts for schools, libraries, professional people and scholars.

There are among *The Independent's* readers many persons (labor leaders, corporation executives, etc.), who could, if they would, provide $100 for this project. We believe that placing a book like this in thousands of hands is a serious and important undertaking whose effect will be felt for years and years to come.

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